

MAY 2008

Facets

for women

**Motherhood
in the fast
lane**

Compassionate **LISTENER:**

**Lisa Barnes sees
parallels in
mothering,
psychotherapy
practice**

**Memories
of Grandma**



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hue & cry

Definition: Any loud clamor or protest intended to incite others to action.

By MARY HALSTRUM, Facets Editor



In honor of Mother's Day, this issue of Facets focuses on motherhood. Being a mother of two young daughters myself, I was happy to contribute to this

issue, my first since starting my new job as Facets Editor on April 2.

Motherhood came a little later to me than I thought it would. I remember being in my 20s, thinking I had all the time in the world to get married and have children. And before I knew it I was 30 and nowhere near getting hitched, let alone welcoming the stork.

Then fate or destiny intervened. I met my husband Kevin when I was 31, got married when I was 32, had my first child at 33 and my second at 37. Now I find myself nearly 40 with a kindergartner and a toddler, with Kevin and I both working full-time. Sometimes I look at myself in the mirror and seriously ask myself, "What were you thinking? You're too old to be running around after young children." Those little ones, they're real energy zappers aren't they? But boy oh boy, are they ever worth it!

Obviously having children is monumental; at least it was for me. Having someone so completely and utterly dependent upon me for survival was really kind of overwhelming at first, but it was also kind of a rush. My husband said it best one day to me, "I'm their Dad, and the girls love me, but you're their whole world." Wow, I

thought to myself, what a huge responsibility.

Before becoming a mother, everyone tells you "Your life will never be the same after you have a child. Your life is no longer your own." And they weren't kidding! Finding a spare moment for some "me" time is difficult, but like I tell my daughter Katharine, 6, every now and then, "Mommy had lots of 'me' time before you and Rachel came along." Don't get me wrong, sometimes having five minutes to myself would be nice, but it's not mandatory. After all, children are only little for such a very short period of time. Before long my daughters will become more independent and want to spend more time away from me than with me. And I don't want to look back on these times and regret that I didn't spend enough time with them.

I look back at my childhood and the relationship I had with my mother and I've come to the conclusion that it was different from the one I have with my daughters, not in a bad way, just different. And it's not like my mother didn't play with me, she did, but my parents set aside far more time to spend either together, or alone with their hobbies, than Kevin and I do. However, in their defense, the world was a different place back then. Children could play outside for hours at a time without ever checking in with their parents, and nobody gave it a second thought. Katharine can't play outside in the fenced-in back yard for more than 10 minutes before my husband or I are outside checking on her. And I always leave a window or a

screen door open so I can hear her during that small window of time in case she needs me. When I was 12, I could play outside a block away from my house with only the directive of "Be home by dark," given to me by my mother. I can't even imagine letting either of my daughters stay out until dark ever, let alone at only 12 years old, and we live in a pretty good neighborhood.

It is a completely different world today than when I was growing up, and by that I mean more dangerous. Consequently, my children spend a lot more time with us than I ever did with my parents, which means that Mom and Dad are literally always available to them. That's just the way it is and I've accepted it. When my daughters are all grown up and they look back on their childhoods, they'll remember all those Radio Flyer wagon rides I took them on, the horsey rides I gave them and the park visits we made.

So when Katharine asks me if she can give me a makeover or if I'll color with her, most of the time I say yes, even if I don't really feel like it, because she's my child and that's what mothers do. And when Rachel says "Tea Mommy," I'll go grab a towel out of the closet, lay it on the floor and get out the tea set even though I know the towel will get wet (we use water), and soon she'll get distracted by something else, and then I'll have to put the tea set away for the fourth or fifth time already that day. But I'll do it because that's what mothers do. After all, I had plenty of time to sleep and relax before they came into my life, right?

Motherhood

Next month:
The power of place

WELCOME TO

Facets

Facet - 1. One of the flat surfaces cut on a gemstone.
2. The particular angle from which something is considered.

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Cover photo:

Psychotherapist, Lisa Barnes

By Ronnie Miller



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[FITNESS]

The mother of FITNESS

By DEBRA ATKINSON, MS, CSCS

As with most things, necessity is the Mother of Invention where fitness is concerned. Early on it may be sports performance that gets a girl involved with fitness. It may be getting prepared physically to bear children. It may be getting in shape after baby or in order to be all the better to chase them around. It may be in order to have a challenging two-on-two family basketball game in the driveway or to survive family hiking and camping trips. It may be time to focus on herself after a family and career got so much attention earlier. Later it may be in order to enjoy to the fullest whatever joys in life there are left to experience. You could say that throughout a woman's life there is never a better time to get started than right now. Several studies provide supportive evidence.

Continued on page 6

Continued from page 5**First Impressions**

At any age a woman wants to make a good first impression. This can be true particularly in the teens when life is a bit more unpredictable. A fit youth tends to have more self confidence, self-efficacy and is more likely to make better choices. Exercisers were perceived to be more healthy, energetic and sexually attractive than non-exercisers in a recent study of college students.

Stress

College students who exercised less had 37 percent more physical symptoms of stress and 21 percent more anxiety during stressful times than their counterparts who were more active. Physical symptoms of stress range from stomachache and headache to diarrhea, breakouts, eczema and more. Stressful times included final exams, midterms and graduation and job search.

Pre and Postnatal

Focusing on strength and relaxation techniques to aid in the birthing process and later on, strength and endurance as well as mood boosting for the sleep-deprived mom are key here. Specific guidelines set by the American College of Obstetrics and Gynecology makes exercise both safe and effective in creating a healthy mom and a healthy baby.

Fat Loss

While many women opt for cardio-only activity almost exclusively, calorie burning is greater after resistance training. Looking at long-term results, the bigger value toward weight control exercise offers is increased metabolism or calorie burning. While calorie burning for cardiovascular exercise soon returns to normal levels after exercise, it remains elevated for up to two hours following strength training by comparison in one study. Further, fat oxidation is significantly higher post strength training sessions.

Bone Health

Though fitness walking can add weight-bearing exercise to a woman's life that wasn't there before, it may not add the Minimal Effective Stress (MES) to bones that they need to respond with improvements in density. That is, walking is already a stress the body is accustomed to and more of it may not do enough to effect a change. Instead, a more beneficial addition to the routine would be twice or three times weekly strength training sessions.

Heart Disease

Even something as simple as walking regularly significantly decreases a woman's chance of heart disease. One study concluded that it was not the intensity of the walking that mattered as much as the total time spent walking. It's important to remember that health benefits (e.g. reduced risk of heart disease and cancers) can be accumulated at low levels of activity but for fitness benefits (e.g. improved body composition, strength, endurance) intensity levels must be higher.

Knee Problems

Replacement, postponement of replacement, or most injury involving the knees requires some strengthening of the quadriceps muscle group. Straight leg knee lifts, limited range of motion extensions, squats and wall squats all target the quadriceps muscles. To those who say they don't do squats because it hurts their knees, we say look at the way in which you're doing them already; sitting and standing several times a day. There is often a way to begin gradual strengthening without an increase of pain in the joint. Studies reveal subjects well into their 90s have seen measurable improvements in strength.

Pre Habilitation

Dubbed pre-hab, many women who know they are headed toward a joint replacement wisely begin resistance training in order to be proactive about the physical condition they are in prior to surgery. Both recovery from surgery or illness can be much improved if they were in good condition initially.

Keeping the Balance

As our population grays and grows older, and our senses become duller, balance becomes more challenging even to the more athletic of the bunch. Sight and sound, both of which diminish with age, are responsible for much of the information you process in order to be stable. Rehearsal of balance specific tasks can have a significant impact on the ability to right oneself and to avoid a serious injury that might result from a fall.

It's never too late to start a list of goals and begin reaching for them. Now is the perfect time. Happy Mother's Day.

Woman sees parallels between being a mother, psychotherapist

By MARY HALSTRUM
Facets Editor

Lisa Barnes is a busy woman with a husband, two teenage boys, a private psychotherapy practice and a dog named Prairie. She's a recent transplant to Ames, relocating from Fort Collins, Colo., about a year ago after she and her family vacationed here in the summer of 2006. During that vacation, Barnes, her husband Jim Clark, and their two children spent some time in Ames, Decorah and followed the Mississippi River down to Dubuque. They also made a stop at the Iowa State Fair.

"We like to learn about different parts of the country, and we had never taken a Midwest vacation before," she said.

Prior to the family's move to Iowa, Barnes had a successful private psychotherapy practice and her husband was the director of a community horticultural center.

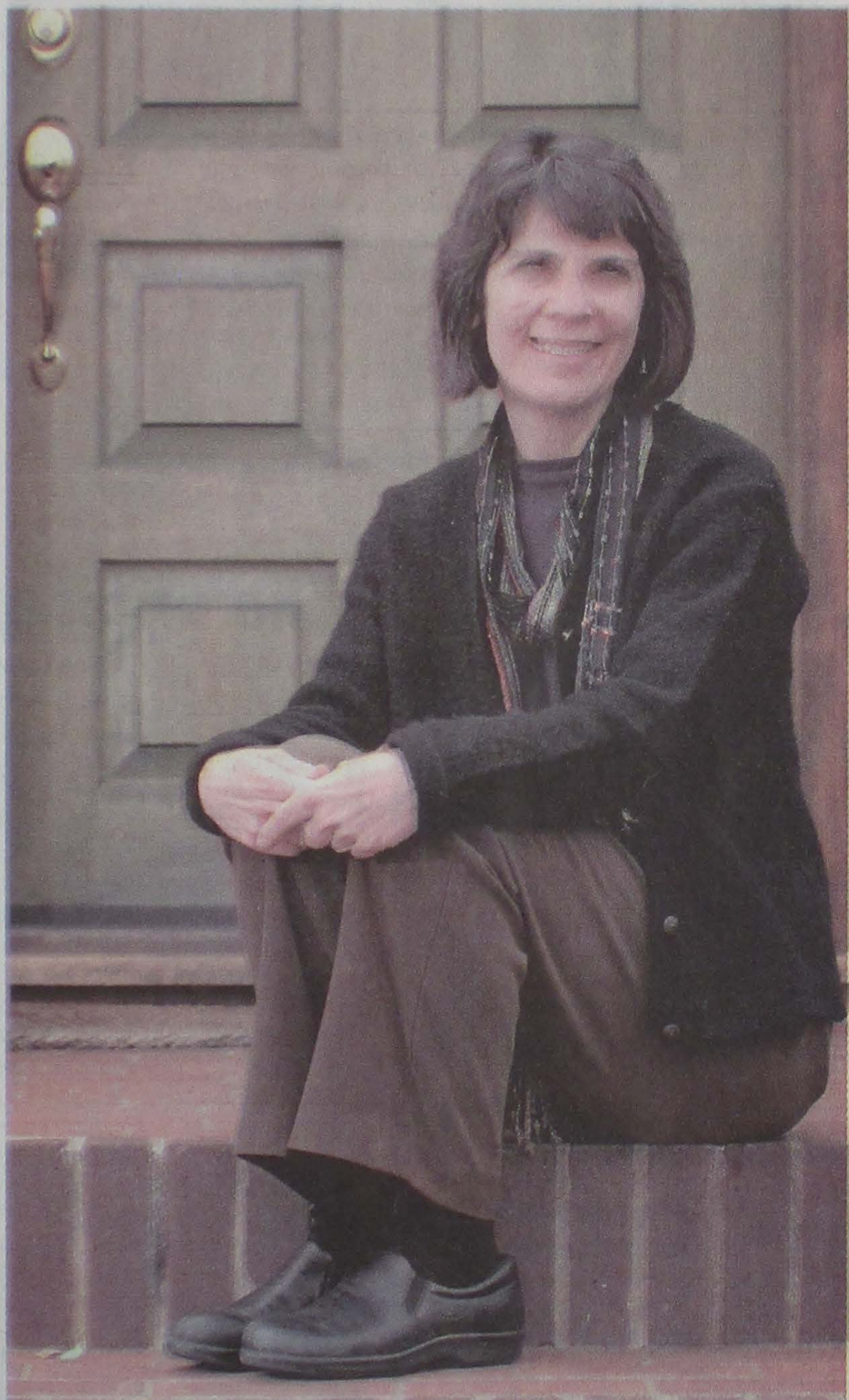
"We were just at a time in our lives when we felt like slowing down, driving less and spending more time with each other," she said.

Leaving friends and changing schools wasn't easy for Barnes' teenage sons, but she said it was a good experience for them.

"By making this move, our boys were taught useful skills such as being resilient, being open to change and learning to grieve their loss," she explained, crediting her mother for teaching her those same skills when she was growing up. Barnes herself moved around a lot as a child, even living in Ames for about four years.

She said she has learned so much about herself from being a parent. As teenagers, her children continue to give her feedback about aspects of herself to improve upon. She also sees parallels between being a mother and the career path she chose.

"In being a mother and being a therapist, I



think I come from a position of curiosity. I try to understand how the brain works and how emotions and experiences affect our perspectives and behaviors," she said. "I delight in watching the unfolding of the human being."

Barnes recalled how her entire family took part in the recent Iowa caucuses and how she relished hearing about her sons' political perspectives. "It was great fun," she said. And since then, their interest in politics and candidates has been inspired.

Another parallel Barnes sees between the two is the ability to respect one's journey.

"With my children, I have to remember that this is their journey," she said. "I can set limits and guide them, but it's their journey, not mine."

A third parallel she sees between her private and professional life is being encouraging, kind and supportive.

"I teach my children how to be empa-

thetic, which includes teaching them about self care as well as having compassion for others," she said. "Every time they do something questionable, I ask them, 'How was that encouraging, kind and supportive?'"

Barnes and her family live in a house just south of Highway 30. Their back yard has a huge hill that her older son took full advantage of by building a ski lift on it. Barnes said her sons have actually spent more time skiing since they moved to Iowa than they did the entire time they lived in Colorado.

"We just love the geography of Iowa, the people and the rural environment," Barnes said. "We're outside a lot of the time, even during the winter."

Barnes likes to hike on a trail in the forest near her home, while her husband prefers to jog. "It's just beautiful," she said.

The neighborhood in which they live has many retired people who have been

extremely welcoming to her children.

"I'm so appreciative for the community of inspiring and caring neighbors," she said.

She told a story of coming home from work one day and finding out that one neighbor had taught one of her sons to play cribbage, while another neighbor hired one son to weed her lawn last spring.

"Really, what she provided was a wise, listening ear as she pulled up a stool beside him and listened to him lament about moving. What a gift to have neighbors contributing toward the development of these young men."

She said Ames has changed a lot since she lived here as a child, but in a positive way.

"We're really pleased with the diversity here," Barnes said. "And I can't even tell you how pleased we are with the middle school and high school here in Ames."

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The origins of Mother's Day

The United States celebrates Mother's Day on the second Sunday in May. In the United States, Mother's Day was loosely inspired by the British day and was imported by social activist Julia Ward Howe after the American Civil War. However, it was intended as a call to unite women against war. In 1870, she wrote the "Mother's Day Proclamation" as a call for peace and disarmament. Howe failed in her attempt to get formal recognition of a Mother's Day for Peace. Her idea was influenced by Ann Jarvis, a young Appalachian homemaker who, starting in 1858, had attempted to improve sanitation through what she called Mothers' Work Days. She organized women throughout the Civil War to work for better sanitary conditions for both sides, and in 1868 she began work to reconcile Union and Confederate neighbors. In parts of the United States it is customary to plant tomatoes outdoors after Mother's Day (and not before).

When Jarvis died in 1907, her daughter, named Anna Jarvis, started the crusade to found a memorial day for women. The first such Mother's Day was celebrated in Grafton, West Virginia, on May 10, 1908, in the church where the elder Ann Jarvis had taught Sunday School. Grafton is home to the International Mother's Day Shrine. From there, the custom caught on — spreading eventually to 45 states. The holiday was declared officially by some states beginning in 1912. In 1914 President Woodrow Wilson declared the first national Mother's Day, as a day for American citizens to show the flag in honor of those mothers whose sons had died in war.

Nine years after the first official Mother's Day, commercialization of the U.S. holiday became so rampant that Anna Jarvis herself became a major opponent of what the holiday had become. Mother's Day continues to this day to be one of the most commercially successful U.S. occasions. According to the National Restaurant Association, Mother's Day is now the most popular day of the year to dine out at a restaurant in the United States.

Motherhood

in the fast lane

By JOLENE PHILO

If motherhood is a journey, mine started in the fast lane. Late one evening during Lamaze practice on the living room floor, I told my husband, "My water just broke."

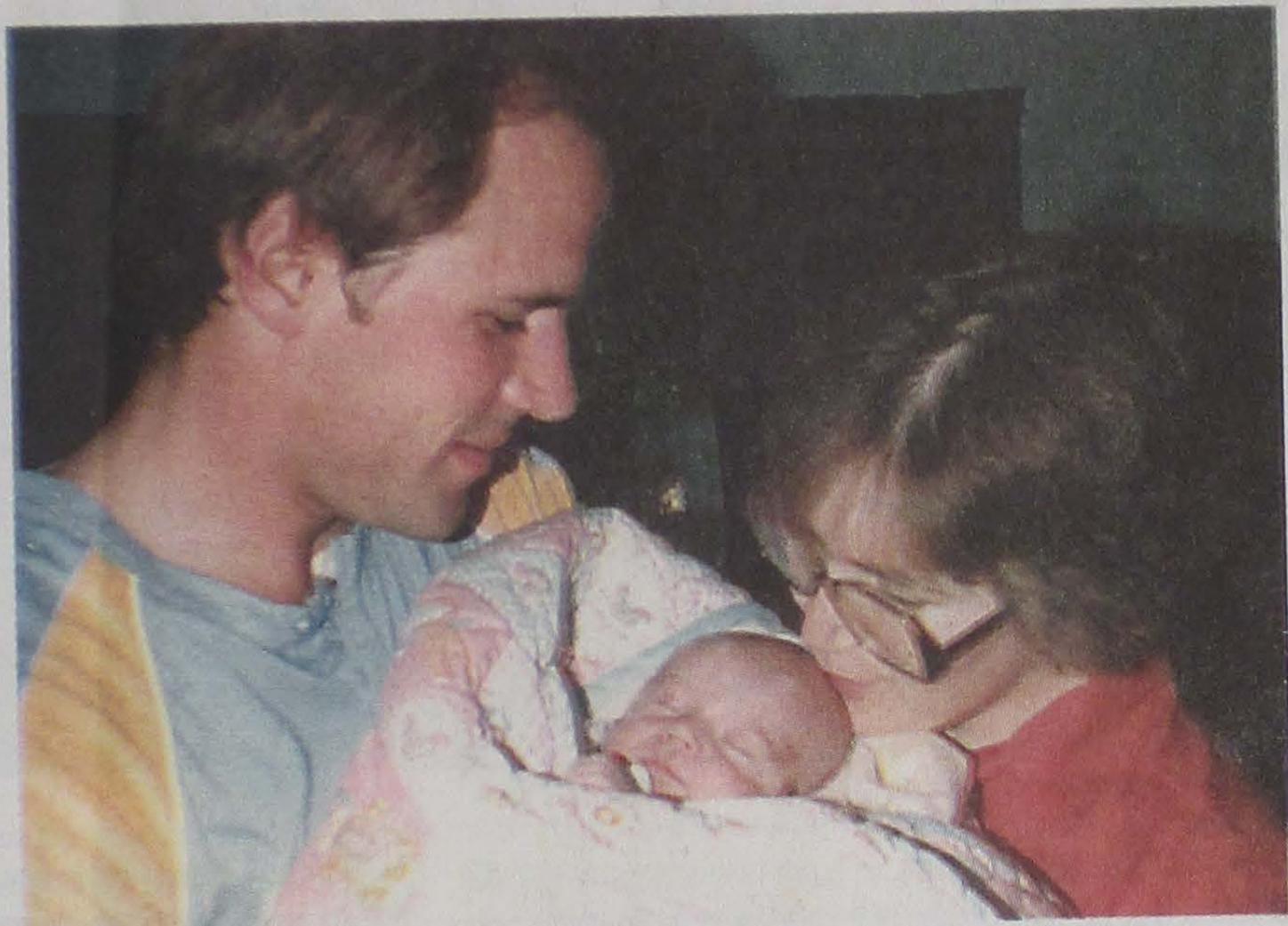
Hiram snorted. "Yeah, right." He hated it when I interrupted his coaching routine.

"I mean it. My water broke." He stopped coaching and helped me up. The carpet sloshed beneath our feet.

Ten minutes later, we hit the road. Even though the first 60 miles of the road were gravel, we made the 90-mile trip from the tiny South Dakota town where we lived to Spearfish in record time. An hour later, on May 23, 1982, our son Allen was born. A little small for a full-term baby, he looked absolutely perfect. I relaxed, sure things would slow down after his speedy arrival.



Allen Philo, one week old, in the neonatal intensive care unit (NICU) at the University of Nebraska Hospital in Omaha.



Allen and Parents: Allen at three weeks, shortly after his release from the NICU.

Alone in the Fast Lane

Instead, Allen's breathing grew labored through the night and early the next morning. He traveled by ambulance to Rapid City. Once we knew our baby had arrived safely at Rapid City Regional Hospital, Hiram went to a friend's house to shower and shave. Shortly after he left, a nurse told me the pediatrician from Rapid City was on the phone. She wheeled me to the nurses' station. The doctor introduced himself, then said that Allen had a tracheal-esophageal fistula, a correctable birth defect requiring immediate surgery.

His next words brought my world to a grinding halt. "The closest hospitals prepared to deal with his needs are at the University of Colorado and the University of Nebraska. Where do you want him sent? We need to know right away."

I was 25 years old and had given birth 12 hours before. I had held my son for only a few short moments. And now, I was being asked for a split second decision I felt ill-equipped to make.

But there were no other options. My family lived in Iowa, my friends and co-workers were 90 miles away, and the doctor said they couldn't wait until my husband got back so I could talk to him. The success of surgery depended upon getting Allen to the operating room before he developed pneumonia.

"Send him to Nebraska." I choked out the words as tears rolled down my face. The nurse took the phone and handed me a Kleenex. Hiram arrived, and I broke the news to him. Helpless, we did the only thing we knew how to do. We prayed, putting the child God had given us back into his care.



Allen at seventeen, still indulged in Legos, one of his childhood passions.

The Fast Lane Accelerates

Immediately, we were back in the fast lane. That afternoon Allen went by Life Flight to the University of Nebraska Hospital in Omaha. By the time he was 244 hours old, he'd had surgery and was recovering in the neonatal intensive care unit (NICU).

He spent nearly three weeks in NICU. When we took him home, I was sure that now life would slow down, and motherhood would proceed at a more normal pace. I was wrong.

Over the next four years, our son had seven more corrective surgeries and countless procedures. My husband and I timed Allen's frequent trips to Rapid City Regional Hospital, 120 miles away, with military precision. Our baby drank so much barium, a radioactive substance that enhanced the X-rays of his esophagus, we expected him to glow in the dark.

But he didn't. Instead he grew as babies do and seemed to enjoy the road trips, though he developed an aversion to stethoscopes and people in white lab coats. The hours spent zipping along gravel roads and highways became bonding time, and I fell totally and utterly in love with my son.

Love in the Fast Lane

I got used to motherhood in the fast lane, even though it manifested itself in unusual ways. Because Allen was allergic to formula and had a feeding tube, I spent much of the first year of his life expressing breast milk. By the second month of his life, I'd

lost all sense of propriety and pumped anywhere: in a hospital room as doctors made rounds, in the passenger seat of the car as we drove to appointments, in the school bathroom when my students were at recess, in the middle of the night half asleep. My baby needed milk, by golly, and nothing would keep me from providing it.

And love didn't stave off the sleep deprivation that accompanies caring for a special-needs child who wakes you at least twice every night for four years. Sleep deprivation is the only reason I've come up with that explains why it took us so long to realize Allen needed to be closer to pediatric specialists and a children's hospital. We woke up to the fact when he was three. Shortly thereafter, a teaching job in Boone brought us to central Iowa.

Growing Up in the Fast Lane

But motherhood didn't slow down, even though Blank Children's Hospital and its cadre of experienced pediatric surgeons and gastrointestinal doctors were a mere 45 miles away on paved roads.

After what we thought would be his last surgery, Allen's health stabilized at age four. In the absence of surgeries and procedures, life moved into what to me was a lower gear. The next couple of years were a blur of nonstop conversation, trips to the library and exploration with a very active little boy. Motherhood

was more intense than I had anticipated, but worth every minute.

But when our daughter Anne, who lives within the speed limit, arrived I discovered that not all children move at mach speed all the time. Her good health and less-driven personality introduced me to a slower, more relaxed motherhood experience.

Our son was always a fast-moving, high-maintenance child, even at his healthiest. Often I felt like I was barely hanging on for the ride as he blazed a trail through adolescence. He slowed down briefly at age 15. A severe case of Barrett's esophagus, a pre-cancerous condition, necessitated the removal of the lower two-thirds of his esophagus at Children's Mercy Hospital in Kansas City. But before long, he was up to speed again.

Surviving the Fast Lane

Motherhood in the fast lane didn't leave much room for contemplation. But in those rare moments when I found time to sit down without falling asleep mid-thought, I was mindful of the support we received through the years. When friends heard Allen had been released from the hospital, they cleaned our house and stocked our refrigerator. Later in the summer, when complications sent him back to the hospital for a month, they cared for our garden, even freezing vegetables.

Family members offered shoulders to cry on when complication after complication arose during the first year of Allen's life. Strangers who lived near hospitals opened their homes to us. Substitute teachers dropped whatever they were doing to fill in when unexpected trips to the doctor arose. Hiram's pay was never docked, no matter how often he missed work.

Faith in a loving, sovereign God became the foundation which gave meaning and purpose to all we experienced. Immature and weak as our faith was when Allen was born, it matured and strengthened over the years. Time after time, we saw God's hand using our son's life to impact the lives of others.

Parents in the Fast Lane

Now, 26 years after Allen's birth, God is using his story to help a new generation of parents in the fast lane. I recently signed a contract with Discovery House Publishers. "A Different Dream for My Child: Meditations for Parents of Critically and Chronically Ill Children" will be published sometime in 2009.

I never expected my journey in the fast lane would become a book. But being Allen's mom taught me some things I want to pass on to other parents who are on that road. They need support as they navigate the bumps along the way. They need permission to find hope and laughter in the hard places of parenthood. They need assurance that parenting their child, no matter how fleeting or painful, is a blessing and a joy.

Motherhood in the fast lane, I want them to know, is definitely worth the ride.

What is a Tracheal-Esophageal Fistula?

Tracheal-Esophageal Fistulas (TEF) are congenital deformities affecting the trachea, or windpipe, and the esophagus, or swallowing tube. The deformities can vary. In Allen's case, his upper esophagus came down from his throat and ended in a blind pouch. His lower esophagus came up from his stomach and hooked into his trachea.

TEF occurs in one in three thousand births in the U.S.

The corrective surgery for TEF has almost a 100-percent success rate in babies with no other health issues. The success rate is 95 percent for babies with other birth anomalies.

Barrett's Esophagus

Barrett's esophagus is a condition of the esophagus in which the cells that normally line the esophagus replaced by the type of cells that line the stomach. It occurs in about 10 percent of people who have gastroesophageal reflux disease (heartburn). Barrett's esophagus is a precancerous condition, though the risk of cancer is low in most patients. Patients who have Barrett's esophagus should have their esophagus periodically checked to detect cancer when it is early and curable.

For updates about Jolene's book, visit her website at www.jolenephilo.com.



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Last visit

By BUD STRUM

It was a warm spring morning in central Iowa when I stopped at the little one bedroom house in Roland. I had spent my very early years at this home. I glanced at the familiar surroundings. The pasture and creek at the end of the dead-end street where the clear cool waters of Bear Creek rippled over the gravel bottom and where the neighborhood kids and I played so many years ago. Not much had changed I thought as I parked my car there in front of Grandma's house.

I walked to the front door where the screen was the only thing to keep an intruder out. Of course there were no intruders in the small town of Roland. Friends and neighbors arrived without notice and in most cases just walked in unannounced, shouted a friendly "Hello," and were greeted with a return shout from the kitchen of, "Come on in coffee's on the stove."

But today I could see through the screen and there was my Grandma dozing in her old rocker. She had a flyswatter across her lap and the Holy Bible on the small lamp table at her side. She was holding her ever-present hanky that she twisted involuntarily in a nervous habit she had acquired since Grandpa died a few years earlier. I noticed the chair tilt back a bit, then forward until her feet went flat on the floor. Gently I tapped on the screen door and she was wide awake. When I spoke a smile broke across her face as she looked over her glasses and recognized me through the screen. She welcomed me in and as I stood before her we exchanged good mornings as she rose with some effort from the comfort of her chair.

"You must have a cup of coffee with me Buddy. I'm so glad to see you and only yesterday was I thinking of you and how you used to stay with us so often when you were little, and I wished

then that you would come by more often," she said.

I was apologetic and gave a number of lame excuses of why it had been so long. Grandma agreed that times were busy but she knew as well as I that my reasons for not stopping more often were excuses and not reasons. But that didn't matter. I was there now and she was happy with that. That's just how Grandma is, I thought. She led the way to the kitchen, flyswatter in hand. Pointing to a chair at the table, she invited me to sit.

It was a modern table. Her boys had bought it for her. Chrome legs with a gray formica top with a lace tablecloth that she had made on those cold winter nights long ago. Grandpa listened to the radio until he fell asleep while Grandma crocheted and stopped only when it was time to wake him and get him off to bed. The sugar bowl and salt and pepper shakers were precisely centered. Going to the stove she turned on a burner to heat up the coffee and brought it to me with her shaking hand causing the cup to rattle on the saucer. "I'm not so steady anymore," she said. "I spilled a little in your saucer," she said apologetically.

I smiled and got up to help her with her chair, which she appreciated. Our conversation wandered over the years and it was like a book of short stories

for us. Like the time I got stuck in the mud in the hog pen and lost my shoes, the mad rooster, and the Billy goat and of Buster, my dog, the one I loved so much when mom and I lived with them for a time, while Dad was in the Army.

Then Grandma became melancholy and I could see a tear form behind her glasses. Finishing my coffee, I complimented her on her brewing ability but refused the offer of more. She knew that I was about to excuse myself and she twisted her hanky another turn when my chair made a squeaky sound as I slid it away from the table. An unfortunate fly landed near the sugar bowl.

Grandma got up and we had a light hug as I said goodbye. As she led me to the door reaching for the furniture to support her I offered my arm but she refused. After her many years of hard work she now slumped from the waist and moved a little more slowly each day. I thought of how she had lived through horse and buggy days, the great depression, two world wars, and was now a witness to the space travel we had begun.

Only a few words remained between us as I left and got into my car. She was still standing at the door and I felt my own tears welling as I pulled away. It had been a nice visit but I didn't know that it would be our last.

No matter what your situation is The Ames Contracting Team can help...



Before photos



After photos



By Mindy Sargent and Julie Stearns

Alan and Katie Kole have been living in their home for almost 10 years, with Alan's Muscular Dystrophy they knew they would eventually have to make some changes to their bathroom. "We had talked about it and decided we just had to do it," said Katie Kole.

The Koles felt that it was great working with the Ames Contracting Team because they coordinated all of the contractors for each individual project. The A.C.T. and the Koles worked closely with Lou Catheart, Interior Designer, whom with her expertise in the ADA, Americans with Disabilities Act, helped create and implement a plan that would work for the Koles.

"Before it was like doing gymnastics every morning," said Alan Kole. Alan and Katie realize that Alan's Muscular Dystrophy may get worse, or it may not, but for them planning ahead made the most sense.

Before the remodel and renovation the bathroom reflected one from the 1930's, it was very closed in, dark, and felt very small, in addition, the enamel on the tub was wearing down; so not only did the Koles want to have a bathroom that would be easier for Alan, but they wanted a more aesthetically pleasing bathroom that did not look like a hospital bathroom - that was what the A.C.T. did for the Koles.

The bathroom was created keeping in mind of Alan's mobility issue, and that eventually more hand rails may need to be installed, and that the bathroom may eventually need to be wheelchair accessible. The renovated bathroom has a wider door, a walk in/wheel in shower, a shower seat, a

high sink, non slip rating tile, and they were able to keep the high seated toilet from their original bathroom. One of the great things the A.C.T. did was they were able to recycle some of the old wood trim. Some other factors that the Koles liked is the fact the bathroom now provides an open feel, it is easy to clean, and has heated floors. "We are really

looking forward to that next winter," said Katie.

The Koles thought the A.C.T. did great work, and have already recommended them to their friends. They liked that they were clean and cleaned up after themselves and were hard working. "It's amazing how it all turned out, you can't even imagine how nice it's going to be," said Katie.

The great thing about the A.C.T. is that they work to meet every need of the individual or family. They have so many resources to use to help with any situation. The A.C.T. definitely helps improve the lives of so many. No matter what your situation is, the Ames Contracting Team can help; call them today to start your project!



"We love our new bathroom."
- Al & Katie Kole

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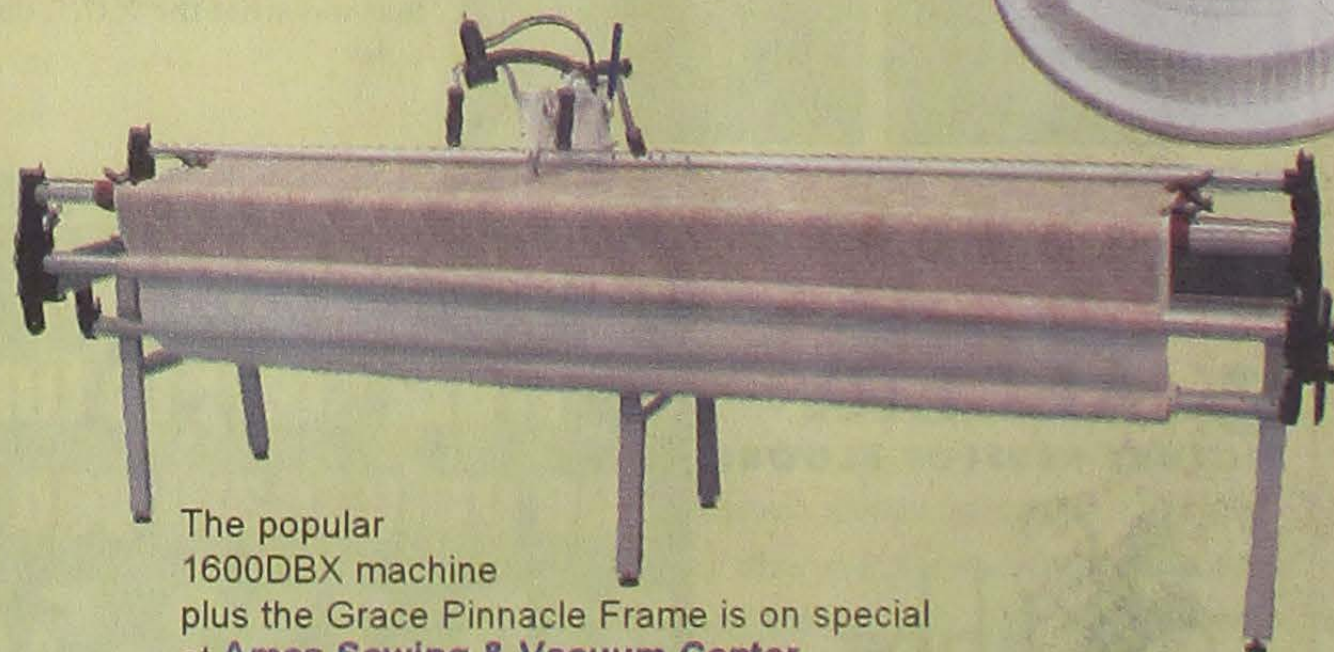
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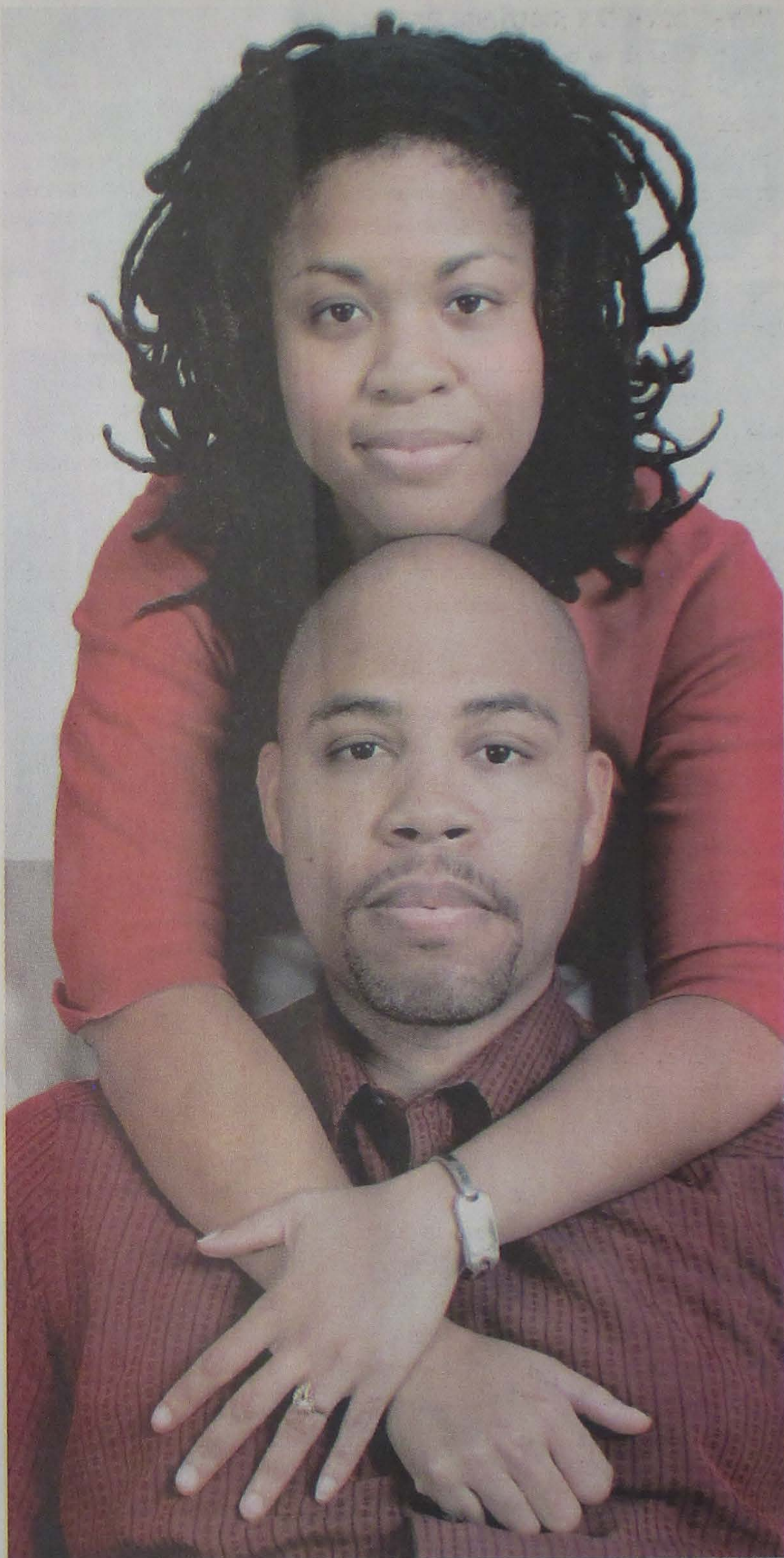
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ISU study finds **wives have greater power** in marriage problem- solving behavior

ISU NEWS SERVICE

AMES — Men may still have more power in the workplace, but apparently women really are “the boss” at home. That’s according to a 2007 study by a team of Iowa State University researchers.

The study of 72 married couples from Iowa found that wives, on average, exhibit greater situational power — in the form of domineering and dominant behaviors — than their husbands during problem-solving discussions, regardless of who raised the topic. All of the couples in the sample were relatively happy in their marriages, with none in counseling at the time of the study.



Wives have the marriage power

"The study at least suggests that the marriage is a place where women can exert some power," said David Vogel, associate professor of psychology at ISU. "Whether or not it's because of changing societal roles, we don't know. But they are, at least, taking responsibility and power in these relationships. So at least for relatively satisfied couples, women are able to take some responsibility and are able to exert some power — but it's hard for us to say why that's so."

"Women are responsible for overseeing the relationship — making sure the relationship runs, that everything gets done, and that everybody's happy," said Murphy. "And so, maybe some of that came out in our findings in terms of women domineering and dominating — that they were taking more responsibility for the relationship, regardless of whose topic was being discussed."

The researchers solicited participation from married couples in and around the Iowa State campus. On average, spouses were around 33 years of age and had been married for seven years. Most participants were European Americans (66%), followed by Asian (22%), Hispanic (5%), and African-American (4%) — with the final three percent representing other nationalities.

Each spouse was asked to independently complete a questionnaire on relationship satisfaction and an assessment of overall decision-making ability in the relationship. Each spouse also was asked to identify a problem in their relationship — an issue in which he or she desired the most change and which could not be resolved without the spouse's cooperation. Spouses were then asked to answer some questions about their chosen topics, including the type of problem-solving behaviors that generally take place when this topic arises, and the importance of the topic. Couples were then brought together and asked to discuss each of the problem topics for 10 minutes apiece — discussions that were videotaped. The researchers did not participate in the discussion.

"We actually just asked them to start talking about the issue, and then we left the room," said Vogel. "And so they were all by themselves in the room talking. We were as non-obtrusive as possible. We just came back at the end of the period of time, and asked them to talk about the other topic."

At the end of the discussions, couples were separated again. Each spouse was then debriefed and discussed his or her feelings and reactions to the study.

The researchers reviewed and coded the videotapes of couples' interactions using a widely-accepted interaction rating system. The system consists of five dimensions to calculate demand and withdraw behaviors — avoidance, discussion, blame, pressure for change and withdraws.

"There's been research that suggests that's a marker of a healthy marriage — that men accept influence from their wives,"
— Megan Murphy,
assistant professor of
Human Development and
Family Studies.

Not all talk and no action

The researchers concluded in their paper that wives behaviorally exhibited more domineering attempts and were more dominant — i.e., more likely to have their partner give in — than husbands during discussions of either spouse's topic. That refuted their initial premise that sex differences in marital power would favor husbands.

Vogel said that wives weren't simply talking more than their husbands in discussions, but actually were drawing favorable responses from their husbands to what they said.

"That's what I think was particularly interesting," he said. "It wasn't just that the women were bringing up issues that weren't being responded to, but that the men were actually going along with what they said. They (women) were communicating more powerful messages and men were responding to those messages by agreeing or giving in."

"There's been research that suggests that's a marker of a healthy marriage — that men accept influence from their wives," said Megan Murphy, assistant professor of Human Development and Family Studies.

The study was funded, in part, by the National Institute of Mental Health, along with ISU. Vogel and Murphy hope to expand upon this research through a future study.

FACETS calendar

If you have an event that would be of interest to Facets readers, please send it to news@amestrib.com with "Facets Calendar" in the subject line.

SATURDAY, MAY 3 — The Co'Motion Dance Theater presents "Women in Motion" at 8 p.m. at 520 6th St. For more information, call 515-239-5356.

SATURDAY, MAY 3 — A Quilting Connection will have a rugbee class at 1 p.m. at the Quilting Connection. For more information, call Jeanne at 515-233-3048.

SATURDAY, MAY 3 — The East Village Opera Company, a new mix of rockin' opera, will perform at 7:30 p.m. at Stephens Auditorium. The powerhouse five-piece band, string quartet and two outstanding vocalists bring the towering and timeless style of opera into the 21st century. "With modern recording technology and a wide variety of music styles at our disposal, our goal has been to approach these works the way we feel the composers would were they alive today." Ticket prices are Adults \$38.50 and \$34.50, Youth \$20.50 and \$18.50, and ISU Students \$15. For more information, call 515-294-2479.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 7 — Mystery lovers are invited to the Mystery Lovers Book Club to talk about books by a selected author. This month, the group will discuss books by M.C. Beaton at noon in the Community Room.

THURSDAY, MAY 8 — Brown Bag Lecture, "Container Gardening for Dummies," Carolyn Magnani, from 12-1 p.m. at Reiman Gardens. Free for CoHorts' members; price of admission for guests. For more information, call 515-294-2710.

THURSDAY, MAY 8 — Class Arrangement of the Month: "Little Women" by Louisa May Alcott presented by Barb Osborn, ISU horticulture, at 7 p.m. at Reiman Gardens. Ticket prices are \$25 for CoHorts' Members; \$30 for general public. For more information, call 515-294-2710.

THURSDAY, MAY 8 — Broadway Musical Chicago, the 1997 Tony Award Winner for the Best Revival of a Musical comes to Stephen's Auditorium at 7:30 p.m. Roxie Hart is sent to prison for killing the man who tried walking out on her. While in prison she meets up with Velma Kelly, a big time vaudeville star with twice as much blood on her hands. The show follows the two as they attempt to get away free and with as much fame as they can muster. Ticket prices are Adults-\$46.50, \$42.50; Youth -\$24.50, \$22.50; ISU Students-\$20. For more information, call 515-294-2479.

SATURDAY, MAY 10 — Tweens, teens and adults are invited to crochet and knit with us on the 2nd and 4th Saturdays of each month. Meet from 9:30 until 11 a.m. in the Founders Suite. Everyone is welcome from beginners to experts. Bring your project/supplies if you have them. Sponsored by the Teen Advisory Group.

SUNDAY, MAY 11 — Free admission day in honor of Mother's Day at Reiman Gardens. Fabulous brunch served for one price for adults. For more information, call 515-294-2710.

SUNDAY, MAY 18 — Lecture: The Glory of Greentown Glass by Dave Christiansen. Program begins at 2 p.m. at the Brunnier Art Museum. Admission is free. Dave Christiansen, Early American Pattern Glass Society board member, will talk about the variety of wares produced by the Indiana Tumbler and Goblet Co., especially those produced when under ownership of the National Glass Company. These items ranged from simple jelly jars to veritable works of art in stunning patterns. For more information, call 515-294-3342.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 21 — Those participating in The Wednesday Walk: Animals in Art, will explore the new dairy farm facility, including works of art by Norma "Duffy" Lyon and Michaela Mahady. Meet at noon at the north entrance to the dairy farm on Mortensen Road.

THURSDAY, MAY 22 — Make a fun and easy tablerunner from the book "Mostly Tablerunners 3" at the Quilting Connection Fab Four Tablerunner at 6:30 p.m. at the Quilting Connection. For more information, call Jeanne at 515-233-3048.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 28 — Gardens' Book Club, "Otherwise Normal People: Inside the Thorny World of Competitive Rose Gardening," by Aurelia Scott - Presented by Cindy Haynes, at Reiman Gardens. Free for CoHorts' members; price of admission for general public. For more information, call 515-294-2710.

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*Linda Freers Doyle,
Logan Youngberg,
Katie Doyle Youngberg,
Eileen Freers, Lydia Mensing*



Hi, I'm Logan, the handsome one in the middle. I've been an expert on Northcrest since I was born!! When I come here, I get to see both Great-Grandmas at once!! Of course, Mommy has to call first to make sure they aren't out at a show, shopping, out to dinner, at a lecture, or a tour—whew!! I live in Ames, but when my cousins visit, they can stay in the guest rooms—right inside Northcrest!!

I know my Great-Grandmas will always get good care and I won't ever have to worry about them. I can just collect the happy memories we make together. In a few years, my *other* Grandma will move in, too!! Right now they call her C-E-O, but I just call her Grandma.

Make sure you wish your Grandmas and Great-Grandmas a Happy Mother's Day—they're the ones that sneak you cookies when Mommy's not looking!!

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[FOOD BITES]

Rhubarb custard pie:

A taste of heaven

Call it what you like – rhubarb or pie plant. It's part of America's food culture. Garrison Keillor sings about it. Connoisseurs dream about it all winter long. And in May when the ground is moist and the sun is warm, Iowa cooks start using it.

Whether you pull rhubarb from the patch in your yard or buy it at the local farmers' market, you can find plenty of ways to prepare this tart fruit. It's great in crisps and cobblers, jams and jellies, bars and breads. But if your taste buds crave the timeless flavor of Sunday dinner on an Iowa farm, try this recipe for rhubarb custard pie. My mother found it in the Betty Crocker cookbook she received when she married in 1951. Other than cutting the sugar almost in half, the recipe remains the same. I know better than to fool with perfection.



Photo by Jolene Philo

Rhubarb Custard Pie

1 – 1 ½ cups sugar
3 eggs, beaten
3 tablespoons milk
¼ cup flour
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
4 cups sliced rhubarb
Pastry for 9-inch two-crust pie

Preheat oven to 400 degrees. Place unbaked bottom crust in 9-inch pie pan. Spread sliced rhubarb on the unbaked bottom crust. Mix together sugar, eggs, milk, flour and nutmeg. Pour over rhubarb. Top with remaining unbaked crust. Crimp and seal edges. With sharp knife, make 8 to 10 slits in top crust. Sprinkle cinnamon sugar on top. Bake at 400 degrees for 15 minutes. Reduce heat to 350 degrees and bake for 45 minutes or until crust is golden-brown and filling is bubbly.

Purchasing Fresh Rhubarb

If you have neither a rhubarb patch nor neighbors with more rhubarb than they know what to do with, don't give up! Rhubarb is available for purchase from the following central Iowa vendors:

- **Ames area Farm to Folk (F2F):** Check out the Community Supported Agriculture (CSA) shares at www.farmtofolk.com
- **Berry Patch in Nevada:** Go to the website at www.berrypatchfarm.com or call 515-382-5138 to see what is available from week -to-week
- **Ames Farmers' Market:** Open Thursdays and Fridays from 2 – 7 and Saturdays from 8 – 3 at the Main Street Depot in downtown Ames
- **North Grand Farmers' Market:** Open from May through October, Wednesdays from 3 – 6 and Saturdays from 8 – noon in the J.C. Penney parking lot

Freezing Rhubarb

Rhubarb is easy to freeze, good news for anyone who wants to tame a rhubarb patch. Pull the rhubarb and cut off the leaves. Wash stalks thoroughly and cut out any bad spots. Chop rhubarb into small pieces and put into freezer bags. Or if you don't want the pieces to stick together in a bag, spread them out on a cookie sheet and put it in the freezer overnight. In the morning put the frozen pieces into bags. Use within nine months.

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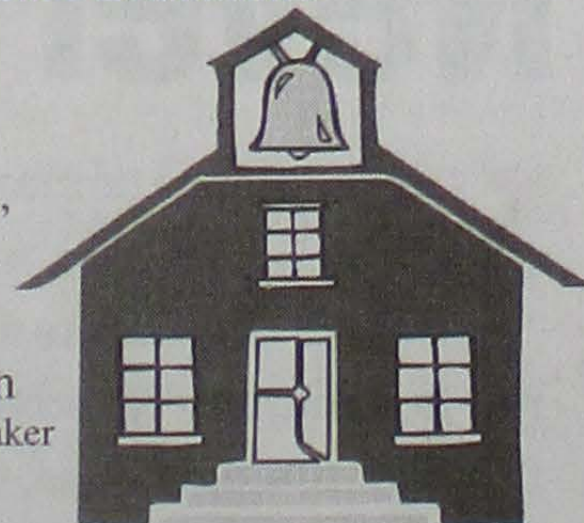
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Little Miss Rachel and Baby Luke.

Never the Same Again

We were married for 11 years and we still had no children. My friends all had kids, and I longed for one or more of my own. I had always thought that someday I would have children and now it seemed as if the Lord was not hearing my fervent prayer. I was about to accept the fact that I was going to go through life childless, when I found that I was indeed pregnant. I was elated! We both were. It was God's timing and it was perfect.

The closer I got to my due date, the more fear and apprehension gripped me. Would I withstand the pain? Do I have what it takes to be a good mother? Would I encourage and guide my child in positive ways? Would this strengthen or weaken our marriage? Would we still be able to travel and do the things we love to do?

I began to read books and articles on parenting. I wanted to be prepared, well-versed and educated in this new role. I learned about everything from breast-feeding to nurturing a good self-esteem. During this time, I read a statement that shocked me. "You'll never be the same again," the article emphasized. What? I like the way I am right now, I thought. I don't like change.

My daughter was born on Labor Day – my round-faced, "Gerber" baby with dimples. Nurses and family alike commented on her size and mature appearance. "She looks like she's a month old!" Then they laid her on me... I fell in love right away. I believe God gives us that strong love, that deep bond for our children. I cherished her. My fear melted away, at least for a time.

"Stimulate your child," an article said, so I rocked her and sang to her. I placed intricate and bright-colored pictures on the wall near the changing table. I nursed her – giving her the natural immunities that would be best for her. I made sure she felt secure, with just the right amount of sleep and attention. Nurturing came naturally.

I had a lump in my throat and a flip in my stomach when I had to go back to work. For eight months, I taught school all day with that same feeling of emptiness. I switched to a part-time position and that was much better. We just made due with less.

My son was born when my daughter was two-years old. Another miracle! Another highlight of my life! They had each other for a playmate. I enjoyed taking them places, stimulat-

ing their minds and souls. We went to the park, the Boone train depot, the public library, and the Ledges. We planted a garden together and hung out the wash as I did with my mother years before. Grandparents and cousins were often visited. We walked the timber with grandpa and played catch. I was with my children every minute I could and hesitated to even let them stay overnight with relatives, as I would miss them too much. But I let them. I know they needed to be with others in order to grow in relationships and gain experiences.

My most important job in life is to point my children to Christ. I took them to church and Sunday school, and led them in devotions at home in which they had a part. I taught them hymns at a young age.

As they grew older, friends became more and more important. I knew this was a typical and natural progression toward independence, but I missed them. I grabbed anytime that I could to be with them. Activities increased with their age. I remember Bernie Saggau, former head of the Iowa High School Athletic Union, made two main points at a PTA meeting that I attended on parenting. He said to keep supertime sacred, with no interruptions. He said that it is crucial to sit down together to eat and converse about the day. Mr. Saggau also said how important it was to keep praying with your children at bedtime, even through high school age. I strived to do both things though schedules made it impossible at times. We did have our best conversations at the supper table. We felt closer to each other and to God as we prayed at night about our hurts and our joys. It was heart to heart and I didn't care what the clock said. I wanted to be there for my kids if they needed me.

It was hard when the kids were juniors and seniors. The fear returned as I watched the road at night waiting for a child to come home. Worried, I called their cell phones only to hear,

Empty nest syndrome

definition according to Wikipedia

Empty nest syndrome is a general feeling of loneliness that parents/other guardian relatives may feel when one or more of their children leave home. While more common in women, it can happen to both sexes. The marriage of a child can lead to similar feelings, with the role and influence of the parents often becoming less important compared to the new spouse.

A strong maternal or paternal bond between the parent and child can make the condition worse. The role of the parent while the child is still living with them is more hands-on and immediate than is possible when they have moved out, particularly if the distance means that visits are difficult.

Social and cultural factors

Empty nest syndrome has become more prevalent in modern times, as the extended family is becoming less common than in past generations, and the elderly are left living by themselves.

In many cultures, such as those in Africa, India, Middle Eastern and East Asia, one's elderly parents were held in very high esteem and it was considered almost a duty to care for and respect them. In contrast to most Western societies, extended families were common in those places. However, nowadays, even in these countries, as cities become more Westernized and industrialized, values are gradually changing. It is sometimes rather inconvenient or impractical to live with or care extensively for one's parents in a modern setting. This is also true if these relatives were abusive or otherwise repressive. Empty Nest Syndrome is starting to surface in some of those nations as well, where traditional values come in conflict with Westernization. This has been especially the case for Hong Kong.



My children ... my friends.

"Leave me a message," as the reply. I continued to ask lots of questions to their dismay. I reminded them often of my love for them and God's love for them.

I made plenty of mistakes, like any parent. I nagged too much. I hovered too much. But I finally learned to let go of some things like a clean bedroom and

junk left all over the house, and focus on more important issues like faith and forgiveness. I opened my arms of acceptance in the midst of their trials and poor choices. This change of heart made the difference in those trying teen years.

After all, I have been forgiven much, too.

The lump in my throat and the flip in my stomach returned as I said good-

bye to my daughter going off to college, then two years later with my son. I don't care much for change, remember? But they need new experiences in a bigger scope and to be able to meet new people out there. They both need the opportunity to try out life for themselves.

I look forward to the times my children come home for a weekend or come back for a semester break. It still hurts when they leave, but it has become easier to adjust and fill the void. We do have "texting!" That helps! They need me in a different way now – for support when stress is overwhelming, when cash is low, for a word of encouragement, or just a reminder that they are so loved.

No, my life has never been the same since they were born, but I am richer for it. I have come out of myself. But I must remember that they are ultimately the Lord's, not mine. I have many blessings to look forward to as they mature into adults. They have become my dearest of friends. That bond will never be broken.

Before I Was a Mom

Before I was a Mom

I never tripped over toys or forgot words to a lullaby.
I didn't worry whether or not my plants were poisonous.
I never thought about immunizations.

Before I was a Mom

I had never been puked on.
Pooped on.
Chewed on.
Peed on.

I had complete control of my mind and my thoughts.
I slept all night.

Before I was a Mom

I never held down a screaming child so doctors could do tests.
Or give shots.
I never looked into teary eyes and cried.
I never got gloriously happy over a simple grin.
I never sat up late hours at night watching a baby sleep.

Before I was a Mom

I never held a sleeping baby just because I didn't want to put her down.

I never felt my heart break into a million pieces when I couldn't stop the hurt.

I never knew that something so small could affect my life so much.
I never knew that I could love someone so much.
I never knew I would love being a Mom.

Before I was a Mom

I didn't know the feeling of having my heart outside my body.
I didn't know how special it could feel to feed a hungry baby.

I didn't know that bond between a mother and her child.
I didn't know that something so small could make me feel so important and happy.

Before I was a Mom

I had never gotten up in the middle of the night every 10 minutes to make sure all was OK.

I had never known the warmth, the joy, the love, the heartache, the wonderment or the satisfaction of being a Mom.

I didn't know I was capable of feeling so much, before I was a Mom.



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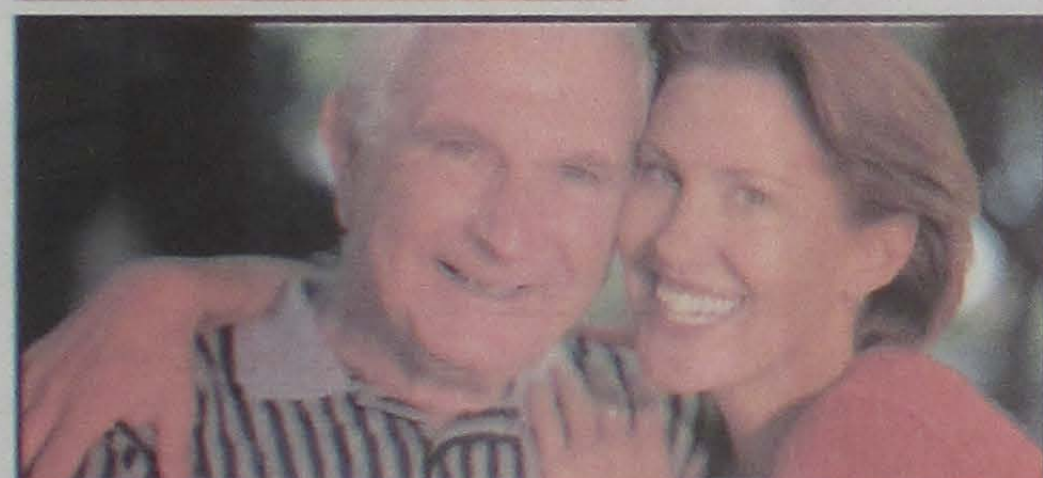


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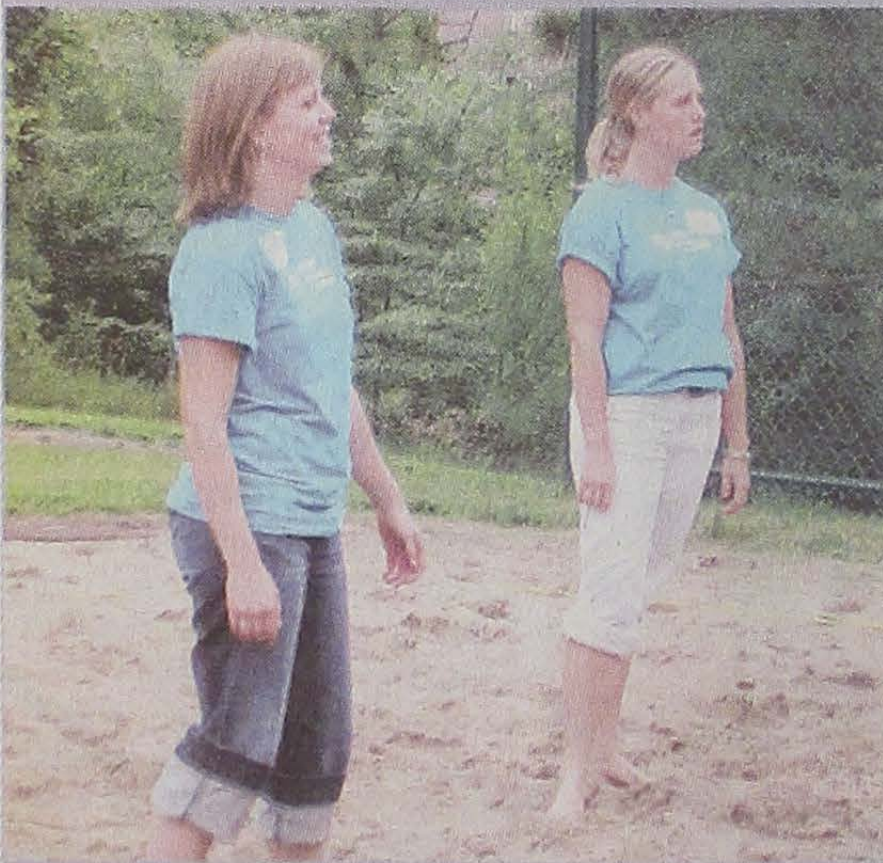
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MEET A *faceted* woman



From left, Kori Heuss, Heuss Printing; Matt Randall, Randall Corp.; Jennie Smith, Gateway Insurance Services; and Megan Backman at YPlowa Conference in Sioux City on Oct. 26 and 27.



Megan and Shelly Greving, Iowa 4-H Foundation, Marketing Coordinator - playing sand volleyball at Gateway Hills Park on Aug. 8, 2007, at the YPA All Member Social: Sports, Supper & Sun!



From left, Michelle Benton, Hunziker and Assoc., Megan and Stacy Dreyer, Ames Chamber of Commerce, at YPA Annual Retreat on Oct. 12, 2007.

Megan Backman | 20-something | Director | No husband, no kids yet, but I do have a brother here at ISU and I'm originally from Woodbury, Minn.

What would you do with \$1,000 to spend on yourself? A trip to and hike across the Grand Canyon!

Your favorite meal: Gnocchi from my days in Italy OR a classic: grilled cheese and tomato soup, which I sometimes still order at restaurants

Your favorite motto: Each person's only hope for improving his lot rests on his recognizing the true nature of his basic personality, surrendering to it, and becoming who he is. - Sheldon Kopp

What makes you happy? My family, friends and travels. I love getaways from everyday life that take me to new and unseen territory! And though I don't have any of my own, children are a light that always makes me smile!

What makes you feel confident? I feel confident when I'm doing something I love, which hopefully means I'm good at it!

What makes you laugh? Comedy shows and reminiscing with high school and college friends.

Best tip to look and feel great: Exercise and a new haircut!

If you could do or be anything you want, what would it be? A teacher in another part of the world. That or a

National Park Ranger because I love the wilderness!

If you knew then what you know now, what would you have done differently? The Peace Corps after college

How do you reward yourself? Traveling. Do you see a theme?

My idea of a nightmare job: An overnight one! Yikes!

My simplest pleasure: Sitting by the lake and getting lost in a good book while drinking coffee

I crave: Home-cooked meals because I eat out too much

I secretly love: American Idol!

When I am an old lady: I will tell stories to my grandchildren about what it was like "when I was your age." That, and volunteer at a school.

I am thankful for: My family who has taught me so much!

How do you give back to your community? Young Professionals of Ames, Mary Greeley Medical Center Auxiliary Hope Run Chair, GRIP (Great Relationships in Pairs) Mentor - I mentor a first grader once a week over lunch, City of Ames Student Affairs Commission



What is your favorite kind of chocolate?
Megan Backman: The kind across the street from my office! Oh, and chocolate with hazelnuts.

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Bet on Your Life! Grand Casino Night

Saturday, May 17, 2008

6 p.m.

at the Scheman Building

\$75.00 per person

(Las Vegas attire...anything goes!)

*Elegant hors d'oeuvres served throughout the evening
complimentary beer, wine, valet parking, limousine service home*

RSVP by May 2, 2008




*for more information on purchasing tickets and to view silent and live auction items,
please visit www.mgmc.org or call (515) 239-2147*

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